

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 21.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 125]

## Bromley Melmot;

A NOVEL.

Continued from page 156.

**D**INING one day with Percival at a tavern, Melmot happened to be in company with lord Melfort, with whose amiable manners, refined conversation, and elegant appearance he became instantly captivated. His lordship was a pupil of the Chesterfield system; and, possessing the art of pleasing in a most eminent degree, failed not to be admired in all circles; though the libertinism of his character was generally known, it was glossed over by so many palatives, that it soon ceased to alarm. Attracted by the ingenuitiness of Melmot, his lordship quickly ingratiated himself into his favor; and, notwithstanding the admonitions of Percival, prevailed on him to cultivate the acquaintance. The Captain, somewhat piqued at Melmot's neglect of his counsels, gradually sunk into reserve; and Melmot, naturally proud spirited, and not wishing to force himself on any one, suffered an intimacy, that while it lasted gave him the greatest happiness, imperceptibly to decline.

Mentioning to his lordship, one day, his adventures in the mail coach, lord

Melfort laughed, and assured him it was only his valet who gave himself such airs of importance.

"And do you encourage such conduct, my lord?" asked Melmot, with the most seriousness of countenance.

"Is it possible to avoid it," replied lord Melfort; "for while the fellows wear our cast-off clothes, transact our business, and are civil to our faces, we cannot help their aping our manners behind our backs; for while they keep our secrets, they most infallibly contract an authority over us, which it is not in our power to escape from. But, pray, if you are from the West, do you know a clergyman by the name of Bromley?"

Melmot looked surprised, but, with unusual prudence, suppressed his natural candor, and replied—

"I know there is such a person. Has your lordship any acquaintance with him?"

Lord Melfort paused, then added—"No, no—nothing—only I sent my man about a little business—He has a nephew, or son, or something"—his Lordship added, with a significant smile.

If prudence before restrained the tongue of Melmot, resentment, and a

mixture of sensations he could not account for, now kept him wholly silent.

Lord Melfort resumed—"I had a little affair of gallantry there, that's all. Let's go to dinner—it is near six o'clock."

Melmot put on his hat, and pretended to go, his mind wholly occupied with lord Melfort's 'affair of gallantry,' which he doubted not was concerning lord Morton's design upon Maria; and he determined to watch his lordship so narrowly, that the smallest circumstance should not escape his observation. After dinner the glass circulated freely, and Melmot, after drinking several constitutional toasts, much to the injury of his own constitution, was called upon for a lady; and immediately, fixing his eyes earnestly upon lord Melfort, gave—'Maria Williams.'

His lordship regarded Melmot attentively: his pale countenance evincing his agitation, Melmot, taking this as a confirmation, and filled with rage, drank glass after glass, with a rapidity that soon left him senseless in the chair; and captain Harley coming into the room soon after, and perceiving the situation of his friend, made Tom call a coach, into which they assisted him, and had him instantly conveyed home. In the morning Percival again came to him; remonstrated with him on the enormity he had been guilty of, and



entreated him to drop the acquaintance of lord Melfort.

Melmot, full of contrition for his past offence, opened to Percival his whole mind, and entreated his advice how to act with regard to lord Melfort. Captain Harley requested him to let the matter rest, as Maria was, from her own account, safe from his friend's reach, and had little to fear while with Mr. Bromley. To this Melmot assented, and his friendship with Percival was renewed with increasing ardor. He was seconded in his resolution by lord Melfort, who, from the late incident, seemed not to solicit any further connection.

A letter which he received from Mr. Bromley, soon after, gave him the most severe uneasiness; as it was dictated in a style of reproof, which he thought nothing less than the utmost atrociousness could have provoked. Part of it ran thus:—

"It pains me, Melmot, to hear of your proceedings. Did you think, that, because far removed from my eye, your actions would be veiled in secrecy? or that, because no longer dependent on me for support, I was become careless of your happiness? Is it thus you repay the affection of a virtuous girl, by residing in the same house with the mistress of that profligate fellow upon whom you lavished such fallacious encomiums? And is it thus, in intoxication and revelry, you squander that money which should be appropriated to the support of your Maria? But think not I will see her sacrificed to such profligacy! I accuse not without certain proof; and all attempts at justification, or discovery of the informer, will be treated with contempt. I am inclined to judge favorably of you, and should be grieved to find you wholly unworthy of my regard; but I must have more convincing proofs of your innocence than your bare asseveration.—In hopes you can safely assure me of your innocence and rectitude, I still remain your affectionate friend,

T. BROMLEY."

Transported with grief, Melmot flew to captain Harley, and showed him the cruel letter he had just received, and demanded, in explicit terms, if he real-

ly kept Miss Newcombe. Percival replied with the utmost coolness—

"My father does."

"Your father does!" reiterated Melmot, half choked with grief, anger, and surprise—"is it possible."

"Very possible," rejoined Percival; "for as she is at present entirely destitute without the generous bounty of my father, she could scarcely subsist!"

He turned aside to conceal the tears that forced their passage to his cheeks.

Melmot was reconciled—"And is that all?" he asked, with a look as if half incredulous.

"Think you," said Percival, reproachfully, "that my sisters would visit her, if she was not of unblemished character?"

This at once brought conviction to the agonized mind of Melmot, and he instantly sat down to exculpate himself from the most heavy charge brought against him: as to the night's debauch into which he had been so deluded, he was incapable of pleading a satisfactory excuse; therefore contented himself with acknowledging his fault, and throwing himself entirely upon his uncle's mercy for forgiveness.

The letter from Maria, which accompanied Mr. Bromley's was filled with tender reproaches for his long and unkind silence, the justice of which reproof he was forced unwillingly to acknowledge, and complaints of Mrs. Nettleby's perpetual ill-usage.

Percival retired overwhelmed with grief at the uncharitable constructions put upon his honorable attachment to Susanna, and with a determination directly to implore his father's consent to their union.

#### CHAP. VIII.

A MYSTERY—A DECEPTION—AND AN UNWELCOME PROPOSAL.

WHEN Percival sought Susanna, to acquaint her with his intentions, she entreated him, with the utmost earnest-

ness, to abandon his design, protesting that it was impossible for her, at present, to explain to him her reasons for the request; and that she could not yet, if even it were his father's wish, marry him. "At another time," added she, "you shall know my history; at present I have not spirits sufficient for the task. I am even myself ignorant of my parents' real names, nor can the secret be discovered until I attain my twentieth year, when a packet, which is now in my possession, may be opened, and I shall be at liberty to claim that as my right, which has been for want of proper authenticity, hitherto withheld. One short week will put an end to all suspense on the subject, and we shall then know whether I am at liberty to bestow my hand where my wishes point."

Percival was forced to rest satisfied with this decision. In the interim Melmot waited impatiently an answer to his vindication, and was inexpressibly grieved to find it remain unnoticed, as well as that he had written to Maria. However the long expected letter came; Melmot trembled as he saw on the superscription a hand to which he was a perfect stranger, and read, in the contents, words which petrified him.

"Dear Mr. Melmot,

Your uncle is so much incensed at your late misconduct, that he refuses to accept any excuse; and, but that I value your peace of mind so much, I should hardly have dared to run the risk of his displeasure that I do, by sending you this piece of bad news; but I trust that you have too much honor to betray me. The case is, that Miss Maria has proved, as I always said she would, a good-for-nothing hussey!—and has voluntarily quitted your kind uncle's protection to live with that lord she made so much fuss about.

"On Sunday Mr. Bromley was obliged to attend duty in a parish about ten miles distant, and, owing a visit to a friend who lived some little way further, left word that he should not return that night. Accordingly we all went to bed at the usual time, and, in the morning, when I went to call Maria, I found the bed made, and no one there. The note I sent with this, was on the table; and on looking over her box I found she had taken a number of her



cloathes with her: Mr. Bromley is so much exasperated against her for her base ingratitude, that he has sworn never to see or hear from either of you again: you, therefore perceive that all attempts to write to him will be useless, as your letters will be returned unopened.

Yours,

MARTHA NETTLEBY."

The note inclosed ran thus:—

"I fly from an event that must involve me in endless misery. Do you, dear sir, pardon the step I have taken, the motives for which must, for the present, be concealed; but I beg you will not suffer any disturbance to be made about my absence, as I am safe, and go with my entire good-will. You shall soon hear again from your dutiful and affectionate

MARIA."

(To be continued.)

*The following curious and extraordinary narrative is extracted from Hearne's journey from Prince of Wales' fort to the Northern Ocean, undertaken by order of the Hudson's Bay Company for the discovery of copper-mines.*

ON the eleventh of January, as some of my companions were hunting, they saw the track of a strange snow shoe; which they followed; and at a considerable distance came to a little hut, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. As they found that she understood their language, they brought her with them to the tents.

On examination she proved to be one of the Western Dogribbed Indians, who had been taken prisoner by the Athapuscow Indians in the summer of one thousand seven hundred and seventy: and in the following summer, when the Indians that took her prisoner were near this part, she had eloped from them, with an intent to return to her own country; but the distance being so great, and having, after she was taken prisoner, been carried in a canoe the whole way, the turning and windings of the rivers and lakes were so nu-

merous, that she forgot the track; so she built the hut in which we found her, to protect her from the weather during the winter, and here she had resided from the first setting in of the fall.

From her account of the moons past since her elopement, it appeared that she had been near seven months without seeing a human face; during all which time she had supported herself very well by snaring partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines. That she did not seem to have been in want is evident, as she had a small stock of provisions by her when she was discovered and was in good health and condition, and I think one of the finest women, of a real Indian, that I have seen in any part of North America.

The methods practised by this poor creature to procure a livelihood were truly admirable, and are great proofs that necessity is the mother of invention.

When the few deer sinews that she had an opportunity of taking with her were all expended in making snares, and sewing her cloathing, she had nothing to supply their place but the sinews of the rabbits legs and feet; these she twisted together for that purpose with great dexterity and success. The rabbits, &c. which she caught in those snares, not only furnished her with a comfortable subsistence, but of the skins she made a suit of neat and warm cloathing for the winter.

It is scarcely possible to conceive that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing any thing that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there were sufficient proofs that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, beside being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing, though romantic, appearance.

Her leisure hours from hunting had been employed in twisting the inner rind or bark of willows into small lines, like net twine, of which she had some hundred fathoms by her; with this she

intended to make a fishing net as soon as the spring advanced. It is of the inner bark of willows, twisted in this manner, that the Dogribbed Indians make their fishing nets: and they are much preferable to those made by the Northern Indians.

Five or six inches of an iron hoop, made into a knife, and a shank of an arrow-head of iron, which served as an awl; were all the metals this poor woman had with her when she eloped; and with these implements she had made herself complete snow-shoes, and several other useful articles.

"Her method of making a fire was equally singular and curious, having no other materials for that purpose than two hard sulphurous stones. These, by long friction and hard knocking, produced a few sparks, which at length communicated to some touch-wood; but as this method was attended with great trouble, and not always with success, she did not suffer her fire to go out all the winter. Hence we may conclude that she had no idea of producing fire by friction, in the manner practised by the Esquimaux, and many other uncivilized nations: because if she had, the above mentioned precaution would have been unnecessary.

The singularity of the circumstance, the comeliness of her person, and her approved accomplishments, occasioned a strong contest between several of the Indians of my party, who should have her for a wife; and the poor girl was actually won and lost at wrestling by near half a score different men the same evening.

My guide, Matonabee, who at that time had no less than seven wives all women grown, besides a young girl of eleven or twelve years old, would have put in for the prize also, had not one of his wives made him ashamed of it, by telling him that he already more wives than he could properly attend. This piece of satire, however true, proved fatal to the poor girl who dared to make so open a declaration; for the great man Matonabee, who would willingly have been thought equal to eight or ten men in every respect, took it as such an affront, that he fell on her both hands and feet, and bruised her to such a degree, that, after lingering some time, she died.



When the Athapuscow Indians took the above Dogribbed Indian woman prisoner, they, according to the universal custom of those savages, surprised her party in the night, and killed every one in the tent, except herself and three other young women. Among those whom they killed, were her father, mother and husband.—Her young child, four or five months old, she concealed in a bundle of cloathing, and took it with her undiscovered, in the night; but when she arrived at the place where the Athapuscow Indians had left their wives (which was not far distant) they began to examine the bundle, and finding the child, one of the women took it from her, and killed it on the spot.

This last piece of barbarity gave her such a disgust to those Indians, that notwithstanding the man who took care of her treated her in every respect as his wife, and was she said, remarkably kind to, and even fond of her; so far was she from being able to reconcile herself to any of the tribe that she rather chose to expose herself to misery and want, than to live in ease and affluence among persons who had so cruelly murdered her infant.

The poor woman's relation of this shocking story, which she delivered in a very affecting manner, only excited laughter among the savages of my party.

#### FROM THE NATIONAL ÆGIS

#### LOVE.

- \*To be in love, when scorn is bought with groans;
- \*Coy looks with heart-bore sighs; one moment's mirth,
- \*With twenty weary, watchful, tedious nights;
- \*If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
- \*If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
- \*However, but a folly bought with wit,
- \*Or else, a wit by folly vanquished!

TRUE friend SHAKESPEARE. But where were all these wise reflections, and doleful admonitions, and grievous exclamations, when you encountered the charms of *Ann Hathaway*. Like other sagacious men, you could "jest at scars before you felt a wound." But it stands on record, that *Mistress Hathaway's* bright eyes could thaw all those frigid resolutions, and melt away all this frost of reflection. 'Tis easy to sit in

one's arm-chair, and frame caustic satires, and biting sarcasms on the woe-begone votaries of the blind wight, who is alternately stiled *god* and *imp*—the mischief making Cupid. The little vindictive urchin, however, seldom fails of revenging the insult. Lurking in the dimple of a smile, or posting himself in the corner of a sparkling eye, he lets fly a well-aimed arrow, and the poor *Cynic*, who scorned his power, and sneered so wittily at the discomfiture of others, finds himself, like *Romeo*, "stab'd through the heart, by a white wench's black eye;" and at length owns that broken hearts, and lovers' sighs and moans, and scornful dames, and languishing love-pangs, are *very serious things*. He quits his satires for love-ditties; and his face which before was curled into an habitual sneer, is lengthened into a visage long and mournful, like the woeful countenance of the knight of *La Mancha*.

Love, says Dr. Johnson, or some other equally grave, sagacious, cold-blooded old curmudgeon, is the "wisdom of a fool, and the folly of a wise man." My friend and cousin *Charles Meander*, (who studies common sense instead of *Coke*, and reads human nature instead of *Hawkins*) makes the difference, not in the intellect, but constitution, and says that love is the sprightliness of a sober man, and the gravity of a rattlehead. Take, says he, a fellow, with no more life in his composition than there is electric fire in an icicle—a dull, heavy moulded clod of mortality, who appears designed by heaven for no other purpose than to grind bark in a tannery—a being whose "blood is very snow-broth," and whose head, as *Jack Falstaff* says, is stuff'd with "dull, foolish, crudy vapors"—take such a *Cymon* as this, and let some fair *Iphigenia* "breathe into him the breath of"—love, and he will "straightway become a living soul!"

Like the fire of *Prometheus*, it animates the marble statue, and gives it heat, and fancy, and inspiration. On the other hand, says *Charles*, (and *Charles* like *Octavian*, is "high in office in *Cupid's* cabinet") let some bright and aspiring genius, who is "wont to set the table in a roar"—some volatile and eccentric mortal, who was mis-sent by nature, and designed, not for the earth, but the planet *Mercury*—let some soaring spirit of this description receive a wound from the well-directed small-shot

of the eye—he sinks at once to the earth, and waddles like a wounded goose. He grows as "melancholy as a gib'd cat," and as moping as a sick monkey. The gay and animated *Mercutio* is transmuted into the whining and love-sick *Romeo*.

This doctrine I do not exactly believe. However, there is certainly one exception to my friend *Charles's* general rule; and that exception comprises a considerable part of the ostensible devotees of *Cupid*. Those pretty fellows "whom ladies call their sweets," who think themselves in duty bound to fall in love with every pretty face they see, and to talk nonsensical flattery every time they either are or pretend to be enamored—these gentlemen, whom custom has termed *general lovers* are most assuredly exempt from the effects, whether pains, penalties or rewards, of *falling in love*, as the expressive phrase is. "These fellows of infinite tongue," as that mad wag, *Harry*, of Monmouth, says, "who can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, always do reason themselves out again," will talk as familiarly of darts and flames, as of bonnets or ribbons; and pray for the cure of their wounded hearts, with as composed countenances as if their hose wanted darning. If anything would justify that old, snarling, philosophical whelp, *Diogenes*, in his wish, when he saw a woman hanging on an olive-tree, that every "olive-tree bore such fruit," it would be indignation at the thought, that a woman should be duped by such prating popinjays. A girl might as well expect to dry up *Lake Superior* with a hot poker, as to fix one of these inconstant weather-cocks. A woman that surrenders her heart into the custody of so indifferent and careless a keeper, deserves to suffer the effect of her folly.

#### MARMADUKE MEANDER.

(From a late Greenock paper.)

#### ELOPEMENT.

AN elopement to *Gretna Green* was lately meditated and prevented under the following circumstances.

A young lady possessed of a considerable fortune, of the age of seventeen, who resides at *Preston*, had formed an attachment to a gentleman, to whom her father had a great aversion. Her



Her correspondence with him was accordingly strictly watched. The young lady was in the constant habit of taking a walk before dinner, and on the day of her flight, her lover had a chaise ready at the end of the town, leading to the North, with which he was in waiting to carry her off.

She strictly obeyed the voice of love, and instead of taking her usual walk went with all possible speed, as soon as she left her father's house, to the object of her affection, and they instantly departed for Gretna Green.

The lady not returning at her usual time to prepare for dinner, some suspicion arose, and after enquiries, no doubt remained of her flight; and the road they had taken being ascertained, the father and several others set off in pursuit of them and traced them to Lancaster, where it was discovered they did not expect a pursuit, as they were only travelling with a pair of horses, and did not appear in very great haste. This conduct it is supposed was adopted to avoid suspicion.

At Lancaster, the father and his friends, after changing horses, continued their pursuit, according to the information he had procured. When he arrived at Burton, he learnt that they had not long left that place for Kendal, in consequence of which he got a man to ride to Kendal before them, for the purpose of getting the constable of that town to secure them on their arrival there, in both of which he succeeded; he passed the lovers on the road, and arrived at Kendal time enough to engage the constable to arrest the chaise. The rumor of what was about to be done, attracted great crowds in the street. Just as the chaise entered the town with the lovers, the father, on horseback, came up with it, and rode through the town by the chaise, shaking his stick in at the window, and in a most violent passion, threatening them with punishment, to the no small amusement of the multitude, who were assembled to behold this novel sight. The chaise stopped at the crown Inn, when it was surrounded.

The lady got out, and made her escape from the constables, but they pursued and succeeded in securing her. They conveyed her into a room, where she was soon followed by her lover. On the

father's entrance in a violent rage, he struck his daughter twice with his stick which was resented by her lover. The father was then about to strike him, but was prevented by the constables. They then agreed to strip and fight it out, but were prevented.

In the midst of this confusion, the lady told her father she would very willingly comply with his wishes in any thing else, but in this she must judge for herself; and, as her affections were fixed, his opposition was in vain, as she was determined to have her lover for her husband, and none other. She was obliged, very reluctantly, to return with her father to Preston.

#### NOVEL CURE FOR THE GOUT.

A PERSON known at Shadwell by the name of the Doctor, having got rid of a severe rheumatism by an extraordinary pedestrian exertion, a Mr. Longden, of Ratcliffe highway, who for years had been a crippled martyr to the gout, resolved to attempt to walk off the malady; he accordingly laid a wager to walk from his house to Boston, in Lincolnshire, a distance of 117 miles, in four days. He started lame in both feet, and supported himself on sticks; the pains, however gradually subsided as he advanced, and although nearly exhausted by the fatigue of his march, he arrived within the appointed time, and on Friday returned home without the least remains of gout.

#### REMARKS ON FASHIONABLE VISITING.

[From Mrs. H. More's strictures on female education.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the known fluctuation of manners, and the mutability of language, could it be foreseen, when the apostle Paul exhorted married women to be keepers at home, that the time would arrive when that very phrase would be selected to designate one of the most decided acts of dissipation? Could it be foreseen, that when a fine lady sends out a notification that on such a night she shall be at home, those two significant words (besides intimating the rarity of the

thing) would present to the mind an image the most undomestic which language can convey? My country readers, who may require to have it explained that these two magnetic words now possess the powerful influence of drawing together every thing *fine* within the sphere of their attraction, may also be apprized, that the guests are not asked what was *said* by the company, but whether the *crowd* was prodigious, the rule for deciding on the merit of Fashionable Society not being by the taste or the spirit, but by the *score* and the *hundred*.

#### CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

A NOBLEMAN of an ancient house, of very high rank, and great fortune, died suddenly, and without being permitted to stop at purgatory, was sent down immediately into hell. He had not been long there, but he met with his coachman *Thomas*, who, like his noble master, was gnashing his teeth among the damned. *Thomas*, astonished to behold his lordship amidst the sharpers, thieves, pick-pockets, and all the *canaille* of hell, started, and cried out in a tone of admiration, "*Is it possible that I see my late master among Lucifer's tribe of beggars, rogues, and pilferers? How am I surprised to see your Lordship in such a place! Your Lordship, whose generosity was so great, whose affluent house-keeping drew such crowds of nobility, gentry, and friends to your table, and whose fine taste employed such numbers of poor in your gardens, by building temples and obelisks, and forming lakes of water, that seemed to vie with the ocean. Pray, my lord if I may be so bold, what has brought your lordship into this cursed assembly?*" "Ah, *Thomas*," replied his lordship, "I was sent here for having defrauded my royal master, and cheated the widow and fatherless, solely to enrich and purchase titles, honors, and estates for that ungrateful rascal my son, my only son. Pristhee, *Thomas*, tell me, as thou always seemed an honest, sober, careful servant, what brought thee hither?" "*Alas, my noble lord*," replied *Thomas*, "*I was sent hither for begetting that son.*"



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, February 23, 1865.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 32 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of *CONSUMPTION* 5—apoplexy 2—casualties 2 (a child of one month overlaid, and another about two years accidentally burnt) childbed 1—cold 1—convulsions 2—decay 1—dropsy in the head 2—drowned 1—intermittent fever 1—typhus fever 1—hives 1—old age 2—peripneumony 2—small pox 3—stillborn 2—and one of suicide by taking laudanum.

Of the above 10 were men—11 women—6 boys—5 girls.

Of the whole number 6 were of and under the age of 1 year—2 between the age of 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—1 between 10 and 20—5 between 20 and 30—2 between 30 and 40—7 between 40 and 50—4 between 50 and 60—and 2 between 80 and 90.

The city inspector also reports that during the month of January last the births were 157 males and 148 females, in all 305; and that during the same period 217 persons died, viz. 68 men, 43 boys 57 women, and 49 girls; making a balance of 88 in favor of the population of the city.

With peculiar satisfaction the Samaritan Society acknowledge the receipts of very liberal donations from an humane and charitable public;—among whom, some stand singularly conspicuous.

A respectable merchant in Pearl-street, besides contributing twenty five dollars in cash, and two loads of hickory wood, volunteered his services—and, by his personal exertions, raised, in a few days, among his acquaintances, upwards of five hundred dollars. Another gentleman, in Broadway, made a donation of four and a half loads of wood

and fifty dollars in cash. An anonymous letter, received through the Post-office (signed "A Citizen") covering one hundred dollars; a number of individual donations of fifty dollars; and many other of a smaller amount are acknowledged with sentiments of lively gratitude, and evince beyond encomium the commiseration and liberality of the gentlemen and ladies of this city.

By means of the above, the Society have been enabled, since their communication, to distribute extensive relief to families in the deepest distress. Some they found without food, many without sufficient cloaths to cover them and still a great number destitute of fuel. Wood, provisions, blankets, and cloathing, have therefore been sent into those parts of the city whence the cry of want and distress issued; so that in one month 1900 dollars have been expended, by which upwards of five hundred families have been furnished with the above articles as their various circumstances required.

During the extreme severity of the weather, a committee of the directors met every evening to attend to the numerous cases reported daily, and appointed persons to visit every individual before assistance was afforded, by which measure they hoped to guard against impositions too common at a season like the present, when the public sensibility is powerfully awakened, and many give without caution or enquiry. They are aware, however, that in some, perhaps in many instances, they have mis-judged, and afforded help to those who had already obtained aid from other quarters; yet as much care as possible has been taken to confine the distributions to cases extremely necessitous, and avoid those which were relieved from other charitable institutions.

From among the number of affecting circumstances, which have come to their knowledge, they select a few, in order to convince those who have so generously contributed to the aid of the society, as well as others who may be disposed to follow their example, that the distresses of the city are still great, and call at least for mitigation, though effectual relief may be unattainable.

A respectable woman, residing in Henry-street, was found sitting with five children round her, in an empty

room, over a borrowed stick of wood. Her beds, and every thing she possessed, had been seized a short time before. Her husband, scarcely recovered from a fit of sickness, was out in search of work: the children, save one, were without shoe or stocking, and the whole family were destitute of food. Among her friends she had made up part of the sum for which her little all had been seized, the society paid the balance, redeemed her goods, and supplied her immediate necessities.

Another woman in Harman-street, was found on the hearth, with her children, without victuals, wood or money. The husband, who was a house painter, had both his hands contracted by a disease arising from the use of white lead; and all their goods had been seized for eighteen shillings rent. The goods were restored to her; not, however, till a bill of costs of seventeen shillings, had been paid to the constable, in addition.

Two of the directors visiting in Mott-street, opened the door of a large wooden building, and looking in, at first thought the room to be empty, when casting their eyes towards the fire-place, they saw something lying in the hearth, which upon approaching it, appeared to be a woman, so ill as to be unable to rise. She lay on a bank of ashes, her head upon a brick, with her face a few inches from a little fire of chips—a thin petticoat of old calimanco was wrapped around her shoulders, and a few tattered rags of cloth made up the rest of her covering. There was neither bed, table, nor any victuals in the house. Having left the Hospital before her health was confirmed, she had brought on a relapse, and was now so sick as scarcely to be able to stir. Here probably, she might have perished, had not a sleigh been immediately sent for from the Alms-House, which brought a pair of blankets and removed her thither.

These cases are only a specimen of many more, and it is hoped will induce the benevolent to lend us still further aid; especially when they are informed that there remains now in the hands of the treasurer but \$500, which according to the rate of the expenditure hitherto, is not more than a ten days supply. We have with pleasure to remark, that at no period thus far has the society been out of wood, nor has a single case of real distress been turned away unrelieved.



Donations in money, shoes, woollen stockings, flannels, and coarse cottons for shirts, &c. will be gratefully received and promptly attended to the objects of the institution.

LEONARD BLEECKER,

President.

New-York, Feb. 18.

### HORRID INHUMANITY.

On Wednesday last, a poor black girl, owned by a person at Brooklyn, called (under the pressure of extreme hunger) to a gentleman's house in Pearl-Street, to beg a little food. As she entered the house to receive the food she had solicited, she was observed to exhibit symptoms of much pain, and to have something concealed under a handkerchief, which she held to the side of her head.

On an examination of the circumstance, it was found, that, among other modes of wreaking vengeance, her master had gratified his brutal feelings by hacking off a part of one ear, and cutting a gash in the other, through which he suspended a large IRON PADLOCK!!! In this situation she was left to endure the agony such a weight must necessarily have occasioned; and in this condition she crossed the ferry, and wandered through the streets, begging a morsel of bread!

As there was no key at hand by which the lock could be opened, nor any other means of releasing her from her misery, this wretched object was conveyed to the Alms-house, where the attendant, by cutting through the rim of the ear, removed the instrument of torture.

Com. Adv.

**Poison.**—A family in Philadelphia were lately near being poisoned, in consequence of eating some buckwheat cakes. The cakes, it would appear were prepared in the usual manner; but soon after they were eaten the family were seized with a violent vomiting, and sickness, which caused extreme debility. Of three children who ate of the cake one has died after languishing in agony three days: purple spots appeared on his face and neck.—The youngest is yet

alive, but small hopes are entertained of his recovery. The grown persons of the family, and another child, are out of danger, though still very weak. No cause can be assigned for the singular and melancholy fact.

Daily, Adv.



### MARRIED,

At Lansingburg, on Saturday evening, the 9th inst. Mr. Gardiner Tracy, editor of the Lansingburg Gazette, to Miss Catharine Lansing, daughter of Cornelius Lansing, esq. of that place.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John Stephens, of New-York, to Miss Catherine Parisat, of that city.



### DIED,

On Monday last, in the 54th year of his age, doctor Lot Tripp, a member of the respectable society of friends, and an ornament to his profession and to humanity. His practice was confined principally to the poor and friendless, to whom he frequently administered relief without any other reward than that which arises from the "luxury of doing good." His life was an epitome of all the virtues, and his death is sincerely regretted by every one who knew him.

On Thursday last, Mr. Theophilus Elsworth, in the 83d year of his age.

On Saturday evening last, in the 29th year of his age, Mr. William Barlow, merchant, of this city, and a native of England.

### W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dry-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in ap-

pearance that they be cannot discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without increasing the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite easiness and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

### JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city.

### DAINE'S NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

### A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments.

Price 25 cents.

### VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

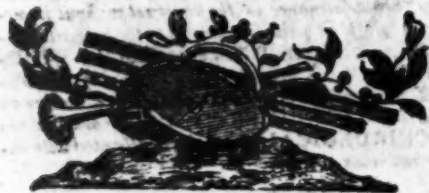
ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 438 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery-lane.





## THE CHOICE.

**H**AD I, Pygmalion-like, the pow'r,  
To make the nymph I would adore,  
The model should be thus design'd,  
Like this, her form, like this, her mind,

Her skin should be, as lilies, fair,  
With rosy cheeks, and jetty hair;  
Her lips with pure vermilion spread,  
And soft and moist, as well as red;  
Her eyes should shine with vivid light,  
At once both languishing and bright;  
Her shape should be exact and small,  
Her stature rather low than tall;  
Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien  
At once both sprightly and serene;  
Besides all this, a nameless grace  
Should be diffus'd o'er all her face;  
To make the lovely piece complete,  
Not only beautiful, but sweet.

This, for her form; now for her mind;  
I'd have it open, generous, kind,  
Void of all coquettish arts,  
And vain designs of conquering hearts;  
Not sway'd by any views of gain,  
Nor fond of giving others pain;  
But soft, though bright, like her own eyes,  
Discreetly witty, gaily wise.

I'd have her skill'd in ev'ry art,  
That can engage a wand'ring heart;  
Know all the sciences of love,  
Yet ever willing to improve:  
To press the hand and roll the eye,  
And drop sometimes an amorous sigh;  
To lengthen out the balmy kiss,  
And heighten ev'ry tender bliss;  
And yet I'd have the charmer be  
By nature only taught—or me.

I'd have her to strict honor ty'd,  
And yet without one spark of pride;  
In company well dress'd and fine,  
Yet not ambitious to outshine;  
In private, always neat and clean,  
And quite a stranger to the spleen;  
Well pleas'd to grace the park and play,  
And dance, sometimes, the night away;  
But oft'ner fond to spend her hours  
In solitude and shady bow'rs;  
And there, beneath some silent grove,  
Delight in poetry and love.

Some sparks of the poetic fire,  
I fain would have her soul inspire,  
Enough, at least, to let her know  
What joys from love and virtue flow;  
Enough, at least, to make her wise,  
And fops and fopperies despise;  
Prefer her books, and her own muse,  
To visits, scandal, chat, and news;  
Above her sex, exalt her mind,  
And make her more than woman kind.

The following curious advertisement, appeared in the *Otsego Herald* of the 22d ult.

**S**TRAYED or stolen in July last,  
Two heifers, each one-year old past,  
One is a brown, the other red,  
No white, I think, about their head,  
And if my mem'ry serves me right,  
There is about their flanks, some white,  
Whoever may these heifers find,  
And unto me will be so kind  
To send me word and let me know,  
Which way they are, and where to go,  
I will reward them for their labor,  
And say they've acted like a neighbor,  
And if, thro' need, there's money spent,  
I will refund it, to a cent,  
Or make them good by way of barter,  
And rest their loving friend,

JOHN CARTER.

Fly Creek, Otsego, Nov. 13, 1804.

## THE GOUT.

Lines written by a poor man on the approach of it.

**T**IS strange that thou should'st leave the downy bed,  
The turkey carpet, and the soft settee;  
Should'st leave the board with choicest dainties spread,  
To fix thy odious residence with me.  
'Tis strange that thou, wretch'd to plenteous ease,  
Should'st leave those dwellings for a roof like mine,  
Where plainest meals keen appetite appease,  
And where thou wilt not find one drop of wine.  
'Tis passing strange; ye should thou persevere,  
And rack these bones with agonizing pangs,  
Firm as a rock thy tortures will I bear,  
And teach the affluent how to blunt thy fangs;  
Yes—should'st thou visit me, capricious Gout!  
Hard fare shall be thy lot—I'LL STARVE THEE OUT.

## N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

## LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with every every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

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PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.